

THE POST.

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Post's Corner.



LINES.

BY GEORGE F. MORRIS.

Near the banks of that lone river,
Where the water-lilies grow,
Breathed the fairest flower that ever
Bloomed and faded long ago.

How we met and loved and parted,
None on earth can ever know—
And how pure and gentle-hearted
Beamed the mourned one years ago.

Like the stream with lilies laden,
Will life's future current flow,
Till in heaven I meet the maiden
Fondly cherished long ago.

Hearts that love like mine forget not,
They're the same in weal or woe;
And that star of memory set not
In the grave of years ago.

Select Tales.

Romance of Surgery.

"You urge that there is no romance in our profession."

"To be sure I do; things happen queerly sometimes, and we make acquaintances in the course of our practice, I admit, but that anything positively romantic, as the word is understood, occurs in the practice of Surgery, I deny."

Thus discourse two young gentlemen who wrote M. D. at the end of their names.

"Charles," said the elder of the two, "light your cigar, and listen. Two years before I received my degree, the events narrated here, occurred." He opened a portfolio, and commenced reading as follows: "During a period of time occupied by me in a tour through the New England States, in the year 188—, I was on board a steamboat, crowded with passengers.—The State of Maine had attractions for me, and to one of its towns I was destined.—Among the many groups that were enjoying the sight of the sea in their chosen positions on the steamer's deck, a few hours after our departure, the attention of many observers was attracted more particularly to a family party of three persons—an elderly gentleman of intellectual appearance, and two young ladies, his daughters;—one an invalid, the other the incarnation of health and beauty. The object of their journey—the restoration of the health of the afflicted one, by change of scene, and the magic potency, in many cases of the invigorating sea breeze.—Having selected a seat near this party, for no motive of listening to their discourse; the earnest manner of the elder of the ladies prevented any other result, I heard the father's repeated cautions, and he earnestly entreated her to be careful if she remained upon the deck alone.

"There is no danger, father," said she. "I would not wish to live, if I am ever to be the slave of fear."

For the first time I had become interested in her character and a silent prayer went forth from my heart, that her path through life should be guarded from any cause for the fear she seemed with all her soul to despise. I left the deck as her father ending a fresh caution with, 'Ellen, my dear, I hope no harm will come of your want of care'—led the young sister to the cabin below.

A short time afterwards, while standing near the place appointed for the engineer, watching the movements of the complicated machine, with powerful precision propelling us against wind and tide some dozen miles an hour, on a sudden the engine was stopped in obedience to the signal bell, and I heard a considerable busting on the deck above. A fishing-boat had attempted to cross the track of the steamer, and to avoid a collision, the abrupt stoppage had been deemed necessary by the captain. The fishing-boat passed in safety by, and the steamer was again under full steam. As I walked leisurely to the after part of the boat, I saw a crowd near the ladies cabin, and borne in the arms of her father, apparently dead, was the young lady whom I had left and who subsequently become the object of interest to all on board. I hesitated in forcing my way to her, supposing that there were a case of fainting, and there were enough to supply the remedies used on such occasions. After the lapse of a few minutes, from the agitated appearance of those who had accompanied the young lady into the cabin, it was evident to me that a serious accident had occurred. I entered the cabin with the captain, and beheld reclining upon a settee, the form of that lovely girl, to all appearance, dead, her father and sister bending over her in agony, chafing her temples pressing her white hands, calling upon her name in vain, their anguish subsiding in floods of tears.

Messengers had been despatched to the different parts of the boat, to ascertain if there was among the passengers a surgeon who could ascertain the nature and extent of the injury. No one had yet been found. I asked how the accident occurred,

and was informed that when the boat stopped, the young lady was leaning over the rail of the promenade deck, the passengers anxiously rushing to one side, as the fishing boat passed, caused the steamer to shudder, when the poor girl fell to the deck below, striking her head upon the corner of the cabin-box. A medical gentleman entered the cabin—a young man entered with him. Upon examination, it was found that the skull of the young lady had been fractured, and every symptom indicated compression of the brain. This intelligence was imparted to the unhappy parent of the girl, with candid acknowledgement that her situation was one of imminent peril.

"Can nothing be done to save her?" said the weeping father; the sister had been removed in an almost unconscious state from the cabin, and was in the care of some of the ladies. The physician replied that there was but one hope to rest upon—an operation, and that skillfully and speedily performed. "What operation?" said the father, holding her head in his hands, and waiting a reply in breathless anxiety.

"Trepanning," quietly responded the physician, and briefly explained its meaning. A silence of some duration ensued.

"When this dreadful operation is performed, what is the chance for recovery?" grasped her father, seizing the physician by the arm.

"That must depend upon circumstances," was the reply.

"Save her life, Ellen my child—my child. Poor girl, tis an awful thing to think of. If, as you say, she is to die for Heaven's sake lose no time."

"I have no instrument fitted for the purpose. Nor would I undertake it if I had. It needs a more experienced hand than mine. I never saw it done. From the books I know its nature and manner of proceedings."

The captain remarked that he had a case of instruments on board the boat; of their purpose he was ignorant. The young man who had entered with the physician, had been carefully examining the injury, and requested the captain to procure the instruments, who left the cabin for that purpose. He then addressed the physician:—Sir, should the trepan be at hand, would it not be well to attempt the operation? In the present state she must die, unless relieved, and be promptly given. I will assist you.

"Are you a physician?"

"No, I am a student of medicine only. I have seen the trepan twice used with complete success. I am aware its a dangerous operation, though easily performed."

"I shall not undertake it. I could not summon resolution, I do not profess surgery."

"We are many miles from land sir. I never performed this or any other operation upon the human body. Relying upon my knowledge of anatomy—the exigency of the case—the favorable position of the wound, I should not shrink in my attempt to save a valuable life. Why should you?"

The captain returned. The case was opened, and proved, upon examination, to be a large case of amputating instruments and fortunately, the trepan and its necessary apparatus accompanying them. The father revived from an apparent stupor. The sight of the knives made him shudder. "Well said he in a whisper, 'what is to be done?'"

The young man and the physician were conversing inaudibly together, for a moment, No, sir replied the physician—Nothing in the world would induce me to attempt it. Having no confidence in my own power, you know, sir, it is likely that I should not succeed."

"If you were not on board the boat, under the circumstances, I would attempt it.—Be it understood that you refuse, and if her father will trust me, I will save her if I can. Captain, you know I have none but good motives."

The father had listened. The calm and cool manner of the young student weighed much in his favor. After a look at his child, who still seemed in the sleep of death, the low peculiar breathing sound attendant upon such cases, being the only sign of life, and sure symptom of the nature of the hurt, he took the young man's hand and said, "Do what you think best. Save her if you can God help you." He kissed her, and walked away, checking the emotion, and repeating the prayer for her safety.

A request was made for all those whose aid was not necessary to retire from the cabin, which was of course complied with. The physician, to his credit to be mentioned, remained to assist in an act which he deemed not to be a participation. The instruments having been carefully arranged, and everything that prudence could suggest, attended to, the young lady was placed upon a table to undergo this fearful operation. There was to her no dread. She could feel no pain. Sensation, to her was a lost difficulty. But the loss of self-possession in the operation—a lack of knowledge and judgement in critical movement, might make of the instrument used to save a life, a weapon of sure destruction. The physician secured her head in a position most convenient, the student removed

from the injured spot, the golden curls, as he took the scalpel in his hand to make the necessary incision, through the integuments. 'Twas evident success would attend his efforts. His hand trembled not, his eye quailed not. In a moment a part of the scalp was dissected up—the bone was visible.—The saw about to do its work. Such silence a frightful wound appeared, and, though afflicted upon one who felt not the edge of the knife, still it called forth a terrible suspense. But a short time had been occupied by the young operator, when, removing a piece of the skull of a circular form, the brain, with its thousand vessels distended with blood, showed plainly through its covering membrane. Her father had walked about the cabin, not daring to look in the direction in which his child was lying. After various attempts to speak, he turned, saw the blood necessarily lost trickling down her livid cheek, and covering in its course, the loose locks that had been spared. "Is she alive? do not answer me—still I must ask—Ellen, Ellen."

Expressions like these came from his lips, in tones of heart-sinking despair. No attention was paid to him by the operator, who was proceeding to the last stages of his task, with a firm hand and determined heart, as if the instruments were acting upon marble. A momentary pause for reflection and consultation, had enabled him to decide upon an important point. Applying a lever to the depressed portion of the skull, it was with some difficulty raised, and signs of returning consciousness were evident. She moved her hands raised them to her head. The eyes of the sufferer resumed its natural office, and from her lips came the words of transport—Father! I am safe! I'm better!—the transition from apparent death to life, so sudden, was like the charms of the magician's art. Overcome by the change, her father sank into a chair, and was not disturbed, till the proper dressings were applied, and the operation pronounced complete.—The party were soon after landed at the town where I intended spending some days, and with the young surgeon assisted in her removal to the carriage. For days he attended her personally, and her complete recovery was the result. I shudder not something romantic in that."

"No, it's what might be called an interesting case, and its equal may be found in any of our published lectures by distinguished professors of surgery."

"Well, it's an old way to be introduced to a wife. You'll allow that, I suppose."

"Why, yes, one would hardly suppose that cutting a hole in the cranium of a young lady, was the way to win her heart."

"It was in this case, at any rate. The fair-haired lady I introduced you to yesterday, the wife of my friend—, who you know, is no doctor, was the heroine of my romance. I had the story from the M. D. who was present on the occasion. And her father has given him with her, a fortune. That lock of hair you saw braided in the brooch you so much admired in his bosom, was the one cut from Ellen's head, previous to the operation, and which he prizes beyond the jewels that encompass it. Now what says you to the romance of our profession?"

"Say," yawned the junior M. D., "why, that such things don't happen every day. Why, sir, your friend is a quack."

"He is, in all but the name, and possessing the qualities necessary to excellent practice of the healing art, an honor—delecting to do good, enjoying the felicity of domestic life with a companion won from the grave, by the knowledge, or a splendid science, and the courageous exercise of its principles. Is not his reward the continuation of a true romance?"

The junior M. D. looked at his friend, and said, "The M.D.'s Journal gives a long account of an improvement in rolling around beds, made by Mr. Hanks of Philadelphia, Pa., who is a practical iron manufacturer.—By the present plan each pair of rolls, has nine separate grooves, through which the heated mass from the furnace is successively passed, until it is delivered from the last in the shape of a railroad bar.—By the new process instead of the one set of rollers, containing the nine grooves, there are nine separate pairs of rolls, each having but one groove—arranged in one continuous line, with close ducts or boxes between so that the rolls (the hot metal) is fed in at one end, and comes out at the other without bar.—The principal advantages claimed are economy of time and saving of metal."

The French are ingenious. M. Claude Bernard, knowing the capacity of the blood of animals for saccharine fermentation, has discovered that if you wound a dog in a certain portion of the spinal column (by anatomists termed *medulla oblongata*), you provoke increased secretions. Hence any dog with a sore tail will be gradually converted into loaf sugar! The probable effect of this discovery on the price of sweetmeats is a theme for serious consideration.

GILE GR Y.

Alas for love! if this be all—and naught beyond, Oh earth!

"Tis a girl, sir; my lady has a daughter."

"Heaven be praised!" said the discontented father of six unruly boys. Now I shall have something gentle to love.—Small comfort to me, those boys; house topsy-turvy from morning till night, with their guns, fishing-tackle, pointers, setters, hounds, spaniels, and what not. Tom's college bills perfectly ruinous—horses, wine and cigars all lumped in the general head of *et cetera*. I understand it all—my purse does! But this little, gentle girl—climbing upon my knee, making music and sunshine in the house with her innocent face and silvery laugh—this little human blossom by life's rough, thorny wayside, she'll make amends. I'm not the happiest husband in the world; my heart shall find a resting place here. She must be highly educated and accomplished; I shall spare no pains to effect that. Ah, I see, after all I shall have a happy old age."

Very lovely was the little Cecil. She had her mother's soft hazel eye and waving auburn hair, and her father's Grecian profile. There was a winning sweetness in her smile, and grace and poetry in every motion. It was a pretty sight, her golden tresses mingled with those silver locks, as she rested her bright head against the old man's cheek. Even "the boys" could not harbor any anger at her quiet reign. She wound herself quite as closely around their hearts. Then it was a new tie to bind the sun-dried husband and wife together. Something of the old bygone tenderness crept unconsciously into their manner towards each other. She was their idol, and they pressed her rapturously to the parental heart, forgetting she was but clay.

Tutors and governesses without limit went and came before the important selection was made. She "must draw only a few minutes at a time, lest it should cause asthma in her shoulders," she "must not go out in the sun, for fear of injuring her complexion." She was told every hour in the day of some rare perfection; now her attitude—then her eyes—then her step—she "danced like a fairy"—"sang like a swan"—in short, needed wings only to make her an angel.

Every servant in the house knew that his or her fortune was in Cecil's hands. She was pleased, and they slipped their course accordingly. If "the boys" were doubtful of the necessity of a *quasi*, Cecil was employed directly to negotiate. The terms of household government, were in those little lady fingers.

No wonder the little Cecil thought herself omnipotent. No wonder she stood before her "Psyche," arranging, with a maiden's pride, those glossy ringlets. Small marvel that she saw with exultation, those round polished limbs, pearly teeth, sunny eyes, and tossed her bright curls in triumph at hearts that were already laid at her feet. Her mirror but silently repeated the voice of flattery that met her at every step. Cecil was beautiful. The temple was passing fair; but all there rose from its altar no holy incense to Heaven. Those bright eyes opened and closed like the flowers, and like them drank in the dew and sunlight, regardless of the Giver.

It was Cecil's eighteenth birthday.—The most expensive preparations had been made to celebrate it. She was to elegantly *debut* mode with her *debut*. A gossamer robe fit for a Peri, silver and night, bordered with a fleecy cloud around that matchless form. Gems and jewels would have been out of place beside those starry eyes. Nature's simplest offering, the drooping lily, blended with her tresses. The flush of youth and hope was on her cheek; her step was already on the threshold of that brilliant untrodden world, which her beauty was to conquer. Other sight-like forms there were, and bright faces the maid sunlight in happy homes, on the perfect Cecil quenched their beams on that happy night.

The proud father looked on exultingly. "Beautiful is a dream!" echoed from one end of the room to the other. His eye followed her, noted every glance of admiration, and then said to himself, "The idol is mine." Say you so, fond father? See her head droop heavily—her limbs relax—she has fainted! They gather round her—any brave her pale face and powerful hands, then they bear her to her dressing room, and she lies on that sickened couch, like some rare piece of sculpture. The revels disperse, the garlands droop; darkness and silence reign where merry feet trooped lightly. The physician sits for the bedside of this fair patient, and with constant kindness, he says to the frantic parents, she will be easier soon—she will be free from pain to-morrow; and then he leaves her with the anxious watchers.

Morning dawned, yes; Cecil was "better"—so father said; and she sat up, and put her fair arms about his neck, and called him "her own dear father!" and he smiled through his tears; and parted the bright damp locks from her brow, and said "she should have another ball given than the last, and look lovelier than ever;" and then her mother laid a bandeau of pearls across her pale forehead, and said

"they become her passing well." Cecil smiled faintly when she replaced them in their case, and then her mother came back again to the bedside. Ah! what fearful shadow in that momentary interval had crept over that sweet face? "Cecil! Cecil!" said the bewildered woman, shivering with an undefinable terror; "speak to me, Cecil! what is it?"

"I am dying mother?—O mother you never taught me how to die!"

In the still gray dawn, at the sultry noon, in the hushed and starry night, long after that bright young head was covered with the violets, rang that plaintive reproachful voice in the parental ear,— "You never taught me how to die!"

NO. 52.

FANNY FERN.

Miscellaneous.

Beau Brummell.

We find the following brief sketch of this once distinguished character in the N. Y. Sunday Times:

The story of Brummell, is as amusing as a romance. The audacious insolence with which he trampled down the haughtiness of the high nobility of England was splendid—e cause successful. His father kept a small confectionary shop in Bury street, St. James's London, and let lodgings. The first Lord Liverpool, then almost obscure, lodged in his house; took his son as secretary, got his office under Lord North, and allowed him to feather his nest so well that on his death, 1794 there was £65,000 to divide among two sons and a daughter. George, the second was educated at Eton, and dressed as well as early in his teens, that the prefix of "Beau" was then put to his name. He was then put to his name.

He started as independent gentleman, on £30,000—a small sum for carrying on such a profession—exceedingly small, for one whose wardrobe cost him £800 a year, and who entertained fashion and elegance in his table. No man, dress either simply or richly, with elegance and taste. In this he eclipsed his much-puffed successor, D'O'ry, whose showy attire made him look like what he was—a tailor's walking advertisement. The Prince of Wales, whose wardrobe had cost £100,000, was Brummell's greatest rival, until corpulence, which he hated, destroyed all his reasonable pretensions to the throne of Dandyism. Simplicity of the most studied kind, was Brummell's great system.

He mixed and visited in the first circles, he was young, handsome, satirical, and the fashion. He rode well and was a good shot, but affected to despise Melton and pheasants; on the plea that both were too troublesome. His great reform was in the neck cloth, which then was a sort of white muslin padding. He introduced the moderate use of starch, which gave the necessary stiffness, and dispensed with the pad. He was curious in his use, if the cravat did not glide into it at the first touch, he threw it aside and tried another. The value who was met with a heap of these rumpled neckclothes on his arm, solemnly said, "These are your failures."

The Prince of Wales quarreled with him after nearly twenty years intimacy. The story runs in that in the Prince's drawing room, he said, "Walks ring the bell," which was done, and when the servant came in, the prince said, "Order Mr. Brummell's carriage." The Beau denied this, and attributed his quarrel to something he said about Mrs. Fitzherbert's soulessness. This was about 1811.—Brummell continued King of fashion, though he had quarreled with the Prince. But he took to gaming. In 1814 he lost all he had, and £10,000 more; raised what money he could and retreated to Calais; attributed his bad luck, "a lucky sixpence," which he maintained Rothschild must have got possession of; was supported in his exile by his brother and sister, who so liberal when his remittances came, that the beggars called him "Le Roi de Calais;" was made British Consul at Genoa, on the mediation of Wellington with George IV., was removed without compensation, when that consulate was abolished, lost his senses; spent his last hours in a hospital for lunatic medians; and died March 29, 1840.

An insult is twice as deep as an apology.—An insult sinks to the heart and rankles there, whilst an apology merely skims over the surface, and never heals the wound. To persons impudently disposed, what a warning ought this to be.

A true picture of despair is a pig reaching through a hole in the fence to get at a cabbage lying only a few inches beyond its reach.

Terms of Advertising.

For 12 lines or less, 1st insertion, 10 cts.
For each subsequent insertion, 5 cts.
For half column 6 months, \$14
" " 12 months, 18
For whole column 6 months, 18
" " 12 months, 22

A liberal deduction made for yearly advertisements. When the number of times for continuing an advertisement is not specified, it will be continued until ordered out and charged accordingly.

Challenge to Shoot.

Sam Snydam, of New York, offers a wager of \$2,000 or more, one half forfeit, that Capt. Edmund W. Paul, of St. Louis, cannot hit the ordinary size target of an iron man, (in a room) at 10 paces, (30 feet) oftener than he (Snydam), each party to shoot with a pistol, one hundred shots, at the word "one," either party shooting after the word "one" to be considered as having missed the man; the word to be given in one second.

This offer is understood to be an acceptance of a challenge put forward by Capt. Paul. John Travis also accepts the challenge. So Mr. Paul will have his hands full.

That Paul has confidence in his own abilities with the pistol, witness his propositions:

"1. I will fit a dollar to the end of a twig, two inches long, and while a second person will hold the other end in his mouth, so as to bring the coin within an inch and a half of his face, I engage to strike the dollar three times out of five at the distance of ten paces or thirty feet. I will add in explanation that there are several persons willing to hold the twig or stick as described."

"2. I will hit a dollar tossed in the air, or any other object of the same size, three times out of five, on a wheel and fire."

"3. At the word I will split three balls out of five on a knife blade, placed at the distance of thirty feet."

"4. I will hit three birds out of five, sprung from the trap, standing thirty feet from the trap when shooting."

"5. I will break at the word, five common clay pipe-stems out of seven, at the distance of thirty feet."

"6. I engage to prove, by faithful trial, no pistol shot can be produced who will shoot an apple off a man's head at the distance of thirty feet oftener than I can. Moreover, I will produce two persons willing and ready to hold the apple on their heads for me, when required to do so."

"7. I will wager, lastly, that no person in the United States can be produced who will hit a quarter of a dollar at the distance of thirty feet oftener than I can, on a wheel and fire."

A BOLD STROKE.—We heard an anecdote from a gentleman who recently traveled by train from Bristol to London, which displays the quick witted promptitude of some people. There was in the carriage with him a fellow passenger, a stranger to him, but who while looking out of the window soon after the train passed Swindon, had his hat blown off. Without hesitating a moment, or passing a second in perplexity, he took from the roof-straps over his head a new leather hat-box, and threw it out of the window after the hat. All looked astonished at this appearance of foolish willfulness, and our informant ventured to ask him if he thought it a wise act, because he had lost his hat, to throw away his hat-box also? "Certainly!" replied the other, "my hat was a new hat, and if some workman or policeman picks it up, he will either put it on his greasy head or carry it along to the next station in his hand, until, on a wet day like this it is ruined. Now, when he sees the hat-box near it, he will have sense enough to put the hat in it and my name is in the hat-box so that I can have it sent to London after me; and so saying he deliberately put on his traveling cap and made himself quite easy on the point. Our informant on returning from town, was curious enough to inquire at Swindon if these calculations were successful, and learnt it was just as he anticipated.—That hat and box were found, and the name being seen, they were forwarded to London for the owner.—Bristol Times.

A good story is told of the person who personated the character of Venetian, in the Venetian tragedy of Evandue, on a certain time in the city. The young aspirant for dramatic honor wishing to appear as a native Venetian, appeared before the audience more in the color of a North American Indian than a Venetian.

Upon being interrogated by the stage manager why he appeared so utterly at variance with the true Venetian as to color, he replied:

"Why sir, in personating a Venetian character, I suppose, sir, that I must paint my face with Venetian Red."

Although the young actor was not as well versed as he might be with the classics and complexion of the Venetians, it was palpably evident to the manager that he was a Venetian read!

An honest, bluff country farmer meeting the parson of the parish in a bye-lane and not giving him the way so readily as he expected, the parson with an erect chest told him "he was better fed than taught." "Very true, indeed, sir," said the farmer, "for you teach me and I feed myself."

A blacksmith made out a bill against one of his customers, in which a charge was intended to be made for "stealing two mattocks," but the son of a vicar, who had been more used to wielding a sledge-hammer than studying Dr. Johnson, wrote the following item—To stealing two mad ducks, two shillings.



Wednesday Morning, Aug. 9, 1854

A Brief Farewell.

With this number closes the second volume of the *Post*, but not our career in this county;—not by a long jump. We now consider ourselves a *bona fide* citizen, as long as we have breath. You couldn't drive us off with a pack of hounds. We wish to hint to those who would like to have a printing office permanently located in Lebanon, to yield a helping hand to make it "pat." Now, could not our friends induce their neighbors to subscribe for the next volume. During the time we have been wielding the pen and type stick in Lebanon, we have endeavored to shape our course, in such a manner as to offend no one; and we flatter ourselves that we have succeeded. We are unconscious of having one single, solitary enemy in this county; if we are mistaken, and there be a single individual who feels any ill-will towards us, for anything we have ever said, we are ignorant of the fact, and cannot, therefore mend matters so long as we remain in the dark.

It has ever been our aim to use what small amount of influence we have for the promotion of morals, for the benefit of our species, and last, though not least, the increase of our *specie*. The fruits of our labors have not become apparent in the above laudable undertakings especially the latter. We hope for better success from perseverance.

We shall discontinue the *Post* for a week, or mayhap two; and when we resume its publication, we hope to do so with an increased subscription list. What say you friends, shall we have it? A very little exertion on your part, will accomplish this end. Let every one of our old subscribers bring us in the names of one or two new ones. The ladies, (God bless them,) might wield a powerful influence in our favor; and we know they will do it willingly. Make up clubs in your neighborhoods; you can thus get your own county paper cheaper; remember that clubs of any size accompanied by the cash get the paper at \$1.50 each.

In conclusion, dear reader, we bid you a short adieu; hoping to resume our occupation shortly, with brighter prospects. In the meantime, we thank our patrons for their very kindly looking over all our short-comings; and hope to be able to be more punctual in future, and give you a more readable paper during the coming year. We wish you, one and all, happiness and health until we meet again.

The Railroad.

As we were preparing for press, we understood that the corps of engineers were within three or four miles of town. This is the final survey or location of the road. As great care and considerable time has been expended in reconnaissance and preparatory surveys, previous to this final location of the road, we feel confident that every advantage has been thoroughly weighed, and we will have one of the best located roads in Kentucky. We are told that it is as practicable a route as these veterans of the compass and Jacob-staff ever traversed. There has been discovered no difficulties to surmount, no deep fills nor cuts will have to be made, nor expensive bridging. Our portion of the road will, therefore, be speedily graded, wooded and settled, when once it has been put under contract.

Special attention is directed to the call in another column of 25 per cent., on the capital stock.

LAMENTABLE.—There was a man by the name of SIMPSON, killed in Bradfordsville, by a man by the name of DONOUGH, on Monday last. Donough shot Simpson with a double-barreled shot gun, loaded with buckshot. The charge entered his forehead, and, we are told, literally sent his brains to the four winds. We are informed that these two men have been at variance, for a long time, and thus has tragically ended their deadly feud. Donough fled as soon as he did the deed, and has not since been heard of.

Rumor says that Simpson threatened Donough's life, and it was on this account, that he killed him. We do not know how true this is, but presume everything will be brought to light, whenever the affair is legally investigated.

Friend Doon is progressing in the grading of Second street, between Main and Water. This is really a great improvement, at least it will be when finished, and never was money better expended by our citizens.

The Election

The following is a synopsis of the official returns as taken from the poll books:

	Jarboe	Goodrum
Lebanon	301	94
Bradfordsville	166	98
Raywick	83	243
Fitzpatrick's	119	118
New Market	91	142
Liver's Springs	55	100
	815	795
	705	
Jarboe's majority	20	

In the race for County Judge Hawkins bent Mudd 412.

In the race for County Attorney, Woods' majority over Thomas, was 161.

In the race for County Court Clerk, Hughes beat his opponent, Rev. D. S. Colgan 533.

Mitchell's majority over Penn, for Jailor, was 229.

Abell's majority over Walston for Assessor was 354.

Purdy for Coroner and Knott for Surveyor, having had no opposition, were, of course elected unanimously.

L. H. Noble for Police Judge, and J. A. Bowman, for Marshall, being in a like fix, met with a like unfortunate fate.

We had again the pleasure, on last Wednesday evening, of hearing our eloquent young friend Mr. Thomas M. Hite, deliver a Temperance Address. In his former address he demonstrated in the most plain yet eloquent manner, the physical, moral and social evils arising from the use of ardent spirits as a beverage. In the subsequent one, he, in a manly, bold and forcible manner struck at the very root of the evil. He advocated Legislative enactment, and proved conclusively that in no other way could the evil be entirely eradicated. Although in years but a youth Mr. Hite speaks like a veteran in the rostrum; he has an abundance of self-confidence, and what seems to us remarkable, he does not exhibit one particle of that disgusting "brass" which we so often see in speakers. Mr. Hite is forcible in his argument, pungent in his wit, graceful in his gesticulation, and relates an anecdote very happily.

We had a most glorious rain, on Wednesday last in this place. It rained excessively hard for about an hour. We are informed that it did not rain a mile beyond the town in any direction. The cloud came up suddenly, poured out its very grateful burden and disappeared equally as quickly.

We are indebted to Hon. J. B. Thompson, for public documents, speeches, &c.

Hons. C. S. Hill and B. E. Gray have laid us under renewed obligations to them by sending us valuable public documents, speeches, &c.

During the past two or three weeks, we have read in our Louisville exchanges, of a large number of persons, and even animals being sun struck in that city. Four or five daily, at least have been cut off by the heat. A large number of horses have died from the same cause, averaging, we suppose, some five or six per day.

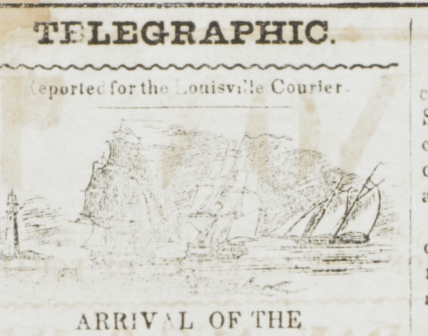
The Louisville Democrat gives the following extract from a letter received by a gentleman in that place, from a merchant in Bowlinggreen, dated 3d inst:

"The driest time that I have ever seen at this season of the year, now prevails, not having rained for six weeks last Tuesday. Yesterday was the hottest day that ever was here. The thermometer stood at 108½ at younglove's, in the shade, and at 104 in Goodsell's Hall. This is unprecedented. Give this item to the Democrat. There are many fields of corn in this neighborhood cultivated by the best farmers, that will not make half a barrel to the acre, no matter how much rain may come.

PLOT TO ASSASSINATE LOUIS NAPOLEON.—The Paris correspondent of the Washington Union writes as follows, by the last steamer:

A boy was playing with one of the two hundred muskets shouldered by the actors in the play of *Scaramy*, that fine military spectacle which nightly attracts large crowds to the theatre of the Porte St. Martin—fired the musket, and a ball lodged in the wall. This incident happened in the afternoon of the day when the Emperor was expected to visit the theatre, and it led to examination which finding fourteen of the muskets loaded with powder and ball. Doubtless the imperial box would have been the aim of fourteen bullets—more than were needed to perpetrate a crime of which the consequences would have been incalculable.

Sir Wm. Don, the English baronet and comedian, was hissed and hooted at the Pittsburgh theatre, on Monday night, because he had dined in his own room, instead of at the public table of his hotel. In explanation, he stated that the weather being hot he desired to dine with his coat off, which would not have been proper at the table d'hôte. The audience was satisfied.



ARRIVAL OF THE CANADA.

New York, August 1, P. M.

The steamer Canada arrived at Halifax last evening with Liverpool dates to the 22d.

Paris.—Advices from Madrid of the 18th, state that the insurgents were masters of Madrid.

During the night, the troops engaged acted vigorously against the barricades, but the most part were unsuccessful.

Latest from Madrid, 18th.

The Gazette publishes a list of new Ministers. Gen. Cavaignac is appointed commander of the cavalry of Madrid. The insurgents are Masters of Madrid.—Troops are engaged against the barricades.

Fighting was going on in several parts of the Capitol. When dispatch left the battle had been fought between O'Donnell and Blaser. The latter was defeated, wounded and taken prisoner. The populace sacked the Palace of Christina, at Salami Grenada, and the whole of Catalonia has risen. The Captain General has fled. Fighting at several points.

A private telegraphic dispatch from Constantinople read at Paris, state that the Russians met with a check at Butino. 4000 Turks sent from Varna, in Circassia.

No actual change had occurred in the state of Eastern affairs, and none are likely to occur until after further consideration by the English and French Governments of the recent conduct of Austria. The Paris correspondent of the London Morning Chronicle made the following important communication:

The Cabinet of Vienna and Berlin communicated to the English and French Governments the impression, produced upon them by the answer of the Emperor Nicholas, to the summons sent by Austria to evacuate the principalities.

The German powers now announce that in their opinion the propositions contained in the Russian answer, if not altogether satisfactory, appears calculated to serve as the basis for further negotiation, and they propose that Pargueshall be fixed upon the seat of further conferences. They moreover expressed their opinion that it will not be possible to call upon Russia to evacuate the principalities if it be not at some time already understood. That the allied powers shall stop their movements in advance—in other words, Austria has fallen back into an alliance with Russia. All of the Austrian reverses are to be called out and placed on a way footing. Accounts from St. Petersburg state that the Czar is determined not to yield. But discontent prevailed in the Capitol. Details show that the recent victories Gergero was achieved by the Turks unassisted, leaving the whole bank of the Danube, from Turneva to Ottemza in their hands. The main body of the Turkish army is said to be moving towards the mouth of the Danube and are employed in removing the sunken ships from the channel.

The Russian Danube flotilla must soon fall into the hands of the allies, and the free navigation of the Danube be again established.

The English seaman from the fleet have been sent to man the Turkish boats on the Danube.

The Russians have burned Matschia. The French and English are slowly drawing lines closer around the Russians.

From the Black Sea, on the 7th, the combined fleets were seen off Akerman, sailing east towards Crimea.

The Porte consents to re-open Turkish ports to English merchantmen, but demands from Greece indemnity for losses sustained through recent insurrection.

Spain.—The insurrection is spreading rapidly. A telegraph from Bayonne of the 20th, stated that Madrid and garrison pronounced against the Queen.

Cabinet dissolved. San Quis premise died.

Narvarez offered to form ministry and parties, and placed himself at the head.

The insurgents were marching on Madrid with centre divisions, while Gen. Sebastian advanced with force from the Basque provinces, and numerous large cities; also, Belcaria Islands declared for the insurgents.

Saragossa is expected to join the revolt.

The insurrection hitherto, has been mostly military, but citizens are now joining.

Rumors are current that Queen Christina fled to Bayonne.

Queen Isabella left Madrid.

Duke Montpensier had been declared Lieut. Gen. of the kingdom.

Gens. Concha and Gonzalo Bravo have arrived in England.

The insurgents, if successful, may offer the throne to Don Petro of Portugal.

The French Government is said to favor the insurrection.

A PRINTER IN LUCK.—Mr. Wm. De Garris, formerly of Louisville, but now for man in the Cincinnati Gazette office, has become heir to \$15,000, by the death of an uncle, in this city.—*Lou. Dem.*

Washington Items.

WASHINGTON, Aug. 3.—The Union contains another article upon affairs in Spain, which says that the intelligence received from that country by the Canada, demands that the \$10,000,000 appropriation should be made by Congress.

The Intelligencer congratulates the country upon the final ratification of the reciprocity treaty between Great Britain and the United States.

The veto upon the River and Harbor bill by the President, is beyond a doubt.

The Star says the President has tendered the appointment of Governor of Nebraska to F. Bart, of South Carolina.

WASHINGTON, Aug. 2.—The President sent a message to the Senate, yesterday, in executive session, in the reply to the resolution calling upon him for information in regard to the Spanish relations.

He in the first place quotes an extract from his message of last March, suggesting that congress make such provisions as may be deemed necessary to enable him to obtain redress from the Spanish Government; and then says the formal demand for immediate reparation in the case of the Black Warrior, instead of promptly being made by Spain, has only called for a justification of the local authorities at Cuba thus transferring the responsibility to the Government itself. Meanwhile information, not only reliable in its nature, but of an official character was received, to the effect that preparation was making within the limits of the United States, by private individuals, under a military organization for a descent upon the Island of Cuba, with a view to wrest that colony from Spain. International obligations of treaties and the express provisions of the law alike required, in my judgement, that all the constitutional power of the executive should be exerted to prevent the consummation of such a violation of the positive law and good faith on which mainly the amicable relations of neighboring nations depend, and in conformity with these convictions of public duty, proclamation was issued to warn persons not to participate in the contemplated enterprise, and to invoke the interposition of the proper officers of government. No provocation, whatever, can justify private hostile expeditions against a country at peace with the United States. The power to declare war is vested by the constitution in Congress, and the experience of our past history leaves no room to doubt the wisdom of this arrangement will continue to be verified, whenever the national interests and honor shall demand a resort to ultimate measures. Pending negotiations by the executive and before the action of Congress, individuals cannot be permitted to embarrass operations of the one or usurp the power of the other of these depositories of the functions of the government.

I have only to add, he says, that nothing has arisen since the date of my former message to dispense with the suggestions therein contained, touching the propriety of provisional measures by Congress.

[Signed] FRANKLIN PIERCE.

LATE FROM MEXICO.—A recent arrival reports great suffering among the inhabitants of Northern Mexico, in consequence of the scarcity of food, and a general famine was feared, unless relieved. The cholera which has been committing its terrible ravages, has nearly disappeared. The City of Mexico especially was quite healthy. At Vera Cruz however, the yellow fever is raging to an alarming extent. In one hospital alone there were nearly two thousand cases reported during the past six weeks, of which one thousand five hundred had proved fatal. Among the deaths is that of Signor Rossi, of the Italian Opera Company. Both opera companies had been united, and the performances suspended, on account of the death of Madame Sontag, had been resumed.

ABBREVIATION YANKEE TRICK.—Many years ago, somewhere in the old Colony, there lived a man whose name was Cornish Cobb. At one time when he was far away from home, I think it was in some Southern port, a merchant called on him in great haste requesting him merely as a matter of form, to lend him his name as security on a note for several thousand dollars. Mr. Cobb believing that the gentleman was as safe as Plymouth Rock—as good as gold—signed the document without the slightest hesitation. Corn Cobb. Long before the note came due, the staunch merchant had failed. When the proper time had arrived, the creditors consulted able counsel, as to be the best method for them to pursue. The lawyers informed them that nothing could be done, unless they could find the fellow who used the "fictitious" signature for, said they, no living man ever had such a name—Corn Cobb! tis a hoax; a genuine Yankee trick! When Mr. Cobb heard of the failure, putting his thumb to his nose, he remarked: "Luckily I wasn't there. If I had been, I should have lost my corn, crib and all."

A little harmless reptile displayed himself in the midst of the worshiping congregation at Preston's Wood yesterday afternoon, which created quite a squamish sensation among the softer sex, and many of the sterner sex of delicate sensibilities.

Without attempting levity, we thought it presumptuous on the part of the serpent to obtrude himself there.—*Lou. Cou.*

TRAIL OF REV. JOSEPH R. JOHNSON.—The Court Room of Ulster County N. Y. was densely crowded every day last week notwithstanding the extremely hot weather, with anxious listeners to the testimony in the case of Jos. R. Johnson, late a Baptist clergyman of Saugerties, who had been indicted for drowning his wife and child. No verdict yet.

SOMETHING FOR NOTHING.—ILLINOIS CENTRAL RAILROAD.—Stock is selling in New York for \$105, on which \$5 only has been paid. This is indeed getting something for almost nothing. We suppose, however, it is intrinsically worth more than this, for the company will build their road, costing, \$17,000,000, from the proceeds from the grants of land made them by Congress, and have a surplus, probably, of four or five millions (in lands) over. Four thousand five hundred shares of stock, on \$5 only has been paid, were sold in New York on the 17th of July for \$105 25.

SINGULAR SUIT.—Yesterday a negro, who alleged that he was free, applied to the agent of the Jeffersonville railroad, in Jeffersonville, for a ticket to Cincinnati or some other point. As he could not produce any papers to show that he was free; the agent refused to sell him a ticket, and we learn that a citizen of Jeffersonville has commenced suit against the railroad company for damages.—*Lou. Dem.*

KEEPING UP THE PRICES.—We have observed for the last four or five weeks, that on the day of the arrival of the European steamer bringing news of a further decline in breadstuffs, our New York market reporters uniformly quote flour "a shade firmer." Now all these shades would make a very large shadow in the course of four or five weeks, but the wholesale prices of to-day compared with the prices a month ago, do not show this large "shadow." If the reporter would quote the speculators "a shade firmer," this might not be far astray.—*N. Y. Sun* 28th.

We learn from the Abington Virginian that a young man by the name of James A. Pepper, a resident of Roanoke county, was stopping at the Washington Hotel, in Abington committed suicide a few days since by cutting his throat. When first discovered and asked what prompted him to the rash act, he replied that he had been commissioned to bring about the Millennium or sacrifice himself, and failing in the former no alternative was left him but the latter.

The Virginian says that on the day succeeding this suicide, a stranger by the name of Percival attempted to cut his throat with a dull knife, but finding the operation rather unpleasant, he gave up the job in disgust.

A few weeks ago a young Virginian attempted to commit suicide by cutting his throat, at Beans Station, in this State but failed in his design, though a terrible wound was inflicted upon his neck.—*Nashville Whig.*

ANOTHER KNOW NOTHING DISTURBANCE.—The invisible, intangible, incomprehensible, inevitably-victorious and in-the-way-of-candidates-for-office Know Nothing are causing a great deal of "ferment heat" this hot weather. On Saturday at the Middletown Barbecue, Mr. John O. Harrison, in the course of "a few remarks," said that he could name the officers of a Know Nothing lodge in this city, whereupon the crowd demanded that he do so, one of the assembly jumped upon the stand and swore that he should. Immediately another jumped up likewise and swore that he shouldn't. So Mr. H. was in a nice predicament, but saved himself by the two imperative fellows pulling at one another's wool, until each cried "peccavi."—*Lou. Cou.*

FIRE.—The extensive carpenter shop of Mr. Benj. Griffin, near Walnut and East streets, was entirely destroyed by fire on Saturday afternoon, about 7 o'clock. We did not learn how the fire originated or the loss. The building was consumed rapidly and the contents were all lost.

The fire on Sunday morning was near West Louisville, caused by the incendiary burning of some three or four stacks of grain.—*Lou. Cou.* July 31st.

We heard a farmer say the other day, that he had refused to purchase good hogs offered him at two dollars gross.—The anticipated failure of the corn crops, caused by the drought, is the cause.—*Brownsville (Ind.) Dem.* Aug. 1.

PATRICIDE.—John Epps deliberately shot his father, Thomas Epps, and instantly killed him, last Thursday, about five miles from Athens, Tennessee. The difficulty is said to have grown out of some domestic affairs.

Meat! Meat!

THE undersigned intends to carry on the Butchering Business, in the town of Lebanon; and will supply the public with fresh beef every Wednesday and Saturdays, and oftener if desired. His shop is in the front of Mr. Kirk's Stable, on Main Street, Lebanon, Ky., where he will be glad to receive his customers. I will furnish my customers with Fresh Mutton every day in the week, Sundays excepted. My meat shall be of the fattest and very best quality, and butchered in the most scientific manner.

JOHN EHRENBURG
July 12 3m

NOTICE.

THE Partnership of Murphy, Blincoe & Lewis, is this day dissolved by mutual consent. F. G. Murphy and Wm. F. Lewis are responsible for all debts and liabilities of the concern, and alone authorized to settle up our business.

F. G. MURPHY,
C. C. BLINCOE,
WM. F. LEWIS.

may 9 1854.

MILL CREEK MILLS

THE undersigned have formed a partnership, and will carry on the MILL CREEK MILLS, which go by steam or water, under the name and style of Lewis and Murphy.

We grind for the eighth, and do custom work Tuesdays and Fridays. Lots of twenty-five bushels, and upwards, promptly attended to at any time. We can conveniently grind Thirty Bushels of Wheat and bolt the Flour, per hour.

WM. F. LEWIS,
F. G. MURPHY,
Bardonia Herald, \$2 50



ROBINSON & ELDRED,

WILL exhibit their Combined Circus, Menagerie, and Hippodrome in Perryville August 29th; in Lebanon August 30th, and in Springfield, August 31st, with all the Great Hippodromic Feats of the New York and Paris Hippodrome, among which will be the wonderful scientific achievement of a man walking upon a perfectly smooth ceiling, with his feet upmost and his head down, performed by Mr. G. N. Eldred.

LA PERCHE.

By Messrs. Rochford and Rentz. This extraordinary performance has created universal wonder and admiration, showing beautiful feats of balancing and elegant Acrobatic Posturing, by Messrs. Rentz on a pole thirty feet high, held by Mr. W. Rochford.

Mr. W. Rochford, Madame Robinson, Master James Robinson, Master John,

And an additional list of Popular Actors are with the Company, and will appear in the various exercises.

The Band is directed by the celebrated Jos. Nosher, which is sufficient guaranty for its merit.

A Splendid Collection of Wild Animals.

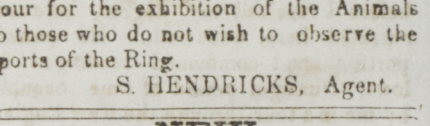
In addition to the above attractions, offers a rich bill of entertainment.

Admission to the whole exhibition Fifty Cents.—Children and Servants half price.

Doors open at 12½ o'clock. Arena exercises to commence at 1½ allowing a full hour for the exhibition of the Animals to those who do not wish to observe the sports of the Ring.

S. HENDRICKS, Agent.

NEW Cabinet Shop



THE attention of the good people of Lebanon and the surrounding towns and country, is respectfully called to the fact that we are now manufacturing, and will keep on hand, at all times at our Ware Room, in the second story of R. M. Bowman's shop, a large and general assortment of

FURNITURE AND CHAIRS;

Which will be sold at prices as low as the lowest, in the way of Mahogany, Walnut and Cherry.

Bureaus, Book-Cases, Secretaries, Sofas, Divans, Ottomans, Fancy Work Tables, Writing and Piece Tables; Mahogany and Walnut Spring Seat Chairs, Cherry and Walnut Cane Seats; French Bedsteads, Looking Glasses, Hair and Moss Spring Mattresses, Lounges, &c., &c., we are prepared to furnish or make to order, on the shortest notice. We invite an inspection, under the confident assurance, that our work will not suffer in comparison with any in this or any other market.

Aug 3rd
G. McROY & CO.

NOTICE.

THE very great and pressing need of money, compels the Building Committee of the New Presbyterian Church, to urge delinquents to come forward immediately. Their Treasurer, D. W. Phillips is awaiting anxiously to receive and supply the daily multiplied calls; he cannot satisfy the justly hounded appetites of laborers with the "needful article," unless the subscribers come forward promptly. It is hoped this call will be sufficient.

Aug 2 3rd
WM. P. McELROY,
By order of Building Com.

NOTICE.

SUBSCRIBERS to the capital stock in this company for the construction of the

LEBANON BRANCH,

Are hereby notified of a call of 25 per cent. on said subscription, payable on the 1st day of September next. By order of the Board.

L. L. SHREVE, Pres.
of the Louisville and Nashville R. R. Co.
Bardonia Herald copy 3 weeks.
Aug 2, 5w

TWENTY NEGROES WANTED.

WE will hire twenty Negroes from this time to the end of the year, and for GOOD ABLE HANDS we will pay liberal prices.—We would prefer hands accustomed to coaling, good ex-men or good teamsters.

We will hire by the month or the remainder of the year.

Persons having good hands to hire next year will do well to see us before making any other engagement. Those wishing the hire in ADVANCE, can get it by making a fair deduction.

We can furnish employment for one or two good Teams.

Good hands, of sober and industrious habits, can at all times find constant employment with us; and all having families will be furnished good houses, with large gardens, free of rent.

Apply to Mr. JOHNSON, Esq., Bardonia, or at the Works to

PATTERSON MOORE & CO.,
Belmont Furnace,
Bullitt county, Ky.
Bate 12 of Sep, chd in Bardonia Herald.

